

OXFORD OBSERVER

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THE REPOSITORY.

SELECTED FOR THE OBSERVER.

THE FEMALE WANDERER.

A TALE—FOUNDED ON FACT.

I am the eldest daughter of a rich farmer, living in a town, which, for distinction sake, I shall call Agadnacas. As my parents had but one daughter beside myself, I have reason to believe they tenderly loved me. But parental love and maternal tenderness were entirely absorbed in corroding eagerness for riches, of which we are all too tenacious. The first sixteen years of my life was marked by no uncommon circumstances. I was an entire stranger to sorrow, being caressed by those who are fond of flattery the wealthy and the proud. Swift flew the hours of my youthful pleasing delectation: no corroding passion disturbed my thoughts by day—no intruding care interrupted my repose by night. I also flattered myself that nature had bestowed upon me beautiful and blooming features, which are ever bewitchingly enchanting in the eyes of the other sex.

At the age of sixteen, I was initiated into the gay circles of the fashionable and arrogant. I was likewise in the mean arts of dissimulation, which were then, and ever will be odious to my heart. I ever believed in the purity of mankind—and for this reason frequently took my walks among my father's tenants, and other poor people, who inhabited our neighborhood—and it was seldom that I visited them without the distribution of a few shillings among them: and often would the aged and infirm bedew my hands with tears, which would more than sufficiently reward my labors; for I have ever considered it a duty incumbent on the rich, to assuage their affluent stores to save the wretched from penury and starvation.

About this time, I became acquainted with a youth whose name was Edwin. He was a perfect model of manly beauty. From his eyes beamed a thousand graces, which are not to be expressed but realized. His many cheeks were tinged with vermilion—his hair long in unbecoming curls about his beautiful forehead—his lips were of a crimson tint—in his eyes love seemed luxuriously playing, and his shape was perfectly uniform. He was then no more than twenty. From this hour might be dated the sorrows of my life. I had often received the addresses of men, and had often neglected them—but now my heart became inflated with new keas. The soft passions of love stole imperceptibly upon my heart, until I discovered that he was the sole object by which I was attracted. I was frequently in his company, and by his actions I discovered that he loved me. My passion became so ardent that I could not banish him from my mind—days he occupied my thoughts, and nights he was the object of my dreams.

His visits became more frequent, until he declared that he loved me, and although I was the object of all my father's attentions, yet by the cruel reality they must have perceived that I intended to leave him. I even pitied his poverty and did not pay your addresses to now living in a rank, and learn never country, and only avow love to a lady none. He arose to de never lifted tears of silent anguish perhaps were rosy cheeks.—“Mad face its time is near at hand passed me no more in this child, where love is only gold. There is but since earth which I desire, to free and therefore soon go far, far and where you will hear ed at, from me hereafter. has in my service will forever.” He then left But I reflected. And now I have shed treatment of one I have shed. My parents had so dic win ted I had obeyed them. But ly I presented and refused to gre him. I recollected with whilless and melancholy looks o he pointed youth had left me, that I stretched upon the earth in the green despair, with his beautiful suffused with tears, re-approaching as the murderer of his repose, and for death as his only refuge.

“Alas,” I cried, bursting into a flood of tears, “this is but a wretched attempt to play the heroine—already does my relation fail me—O Edwin! I meant not that I said—they were not Cordelia's own.”

my cruel parents. I love you, Edwin—love you now, and must forever love you, though my mother may chide, and my cruel father may hate me.” I was absorbed by these reflections, when my father entered and sternly said, “Cordelia, let this be the last time you suffer that indigent pedagogue to be in your company.” I answered only by my looks, which surely indicated as much as, “father, I cannot obey you, I must see him again.” Sorrow now became seated in my bosom. I withdrew from all the circles of gaiety and splendor—I sought for comfort in the gloomy walks which the sterile season exhibited, and often in my wanderings would I cry, “O Edwin! Edwin! would to God that I could be with you, and at your feet to beg forgiveness.”

Now I had a brother whose name was Henry, who had contracted a close and sympathetic affection for Edwin. They communicated their secrets to each other, and seemed particularly interested in each other's welfare. A week had elapsed since I had seen Edwin, when I received by the hand of Henry the following letter:

“Dear Cordelia—When these sad lines shall meet your sparkling eyes, then, most lovely of women, will the youth who passionately adores you, be far removed from that much desired and beautiful, but to me detested place. Ah, Cordelia—at the first moment I beheld thee, and never since have I been able to repel thy image from my troubled breast. You may indeed be deaf to all the supplicating orisons of love, but you will not, you cannot be deaf to the bonds of humanity—you will at least pity a passion, which its possessor cannot but cherish, since it was ushered into his breast by the most lovely of women. O, Cordelia, if I thought you would pity me, I could even die contented. But alas, I am not the happy man, who is destined to give you pleasure in this life—I will therefore avoid giving you pain, and submit to cruel fate. Although I traverse every degree of human wretchedness, and whatever may be my fate, I will think of thee. I will immediately enter the service of my country, and should it please the Disposer of events, to give me the command of some warship, I will name it Cordelia—my countersign shall be Cordelia—and the wary cry shall be Cordelia. That name will render me invincible, while it urges me on to the encounter.—Farewell, Cordelia! and may that man be happy, who is blessed with a place in that celestial heart that was refused to the unhappy Edwin.”

My heart melted into a plentiful flood of tears on reading these sad but touching lines. I thought I had ruined the man whom I tenderly loved. He was about to leave me, and I thought I could never hear the sweet words, “Cordelia, thou art forgiven,” from his enchanting lips.

My brother informed me, that Edwin would stay at the village of T—, where he calculated on seeing him the next day, and if I wished would carry a letter for me. I then seized my pen and wrote the following letter:

“Return, return, my dear Edwin, and if your passion is pure, hope for better days—return, and you shall be well received by the offending, anxious, and relenting Cordelia.”

I handed this to my brother, who started immediately for the village of T—. And now what shall I do or even hope for should Edwin return? I was well aware that my parents would never consent to a union between us. I was also certain that should my parents discover that Edwin was brought back by my means, I should be treated by them with the utmost rigor. Filled with these corroding reflections, I passed my time in the utmost anguish. I walked out one evening to indulge my grief in solitary thought. An hour had not passed, since the sable curtain of night had hid the sun in the starry west—multitudes of light clouds, partially illumined by the faint moonbeams, overspread the horizon, and through them floated the full moon in tranquil majesty. All was hushed into a profound peace. Not a single zephyr sighed through the blades of grass that environed my walk—but a commanding storm raged in my own breast.—With a melancholy heart did I wander on I knew not whither, and every step was numbered with a sigh. Lost in thought, I wandered listless and unconscious along the dewy path—and often, while gazing on the resplendent constellation, did I drop a tear for that which I sought—it was tranquillity. “O Edwin,” exclaimed I, “you know not what I endure for you—for you whom I have made wretched.” I paused, and raising my eyes suffused with tears, beheld a man coming towards

me—it was Edwin. After a respectful salutation, he began to press the subject nearest his heart. “Explain to me,” said he, “what you mean by the word Hope, which was written in your letter, for on that hangs my fate forever.” I endeavored to disguise the matter with friendship, but words betrayed the secrets of my breast, and I exclaimed, “Edwin, I am thine.” His rapture and admiration at this, explained to me more than his tongue could tell—evincing that his love was pure and undissembled. We were, for a while, both lost in tenderness and affection. Through the whole course of man's existence, this time arrives but once. Happy is he who sighs for its arrival—happy is he, who, when it arrives, has a soul worthy of its enjoyment—and happy is even he for whom that moment is long passed, if it passed not unenjoyed; for the recollection of it is still precious.

The cruel mandates of my parents were entirely forgotten. I was now in the arms of a man for whom I had spent so many tears; for whom I had breathed so many sighs; who had occupied so many of my thoughts by day, and who had been present in so many of my dreams by night. We avowed eternal constancy to each other, and under “open sky,” we, in the presence of the ETERNAL, united ourselves seemingly forever.

The evening being far spent, we parted with his promise of meeting me at my father's house shortly. The time soon arrived and he performed his promise. He came, and after being alone about two hours, my mother entered the room—anger and indignation flashed from her countenance—she assumed a look of one of the furies, and in his presence, forbade my being in his company. After some altercation, she retired, giving my lover strict charge never more to enter her house. He bowed in token of consent, and said, “Madam, far be it from me to be indebted to you for one moment of pleasure; and whatever may be your opinion of me, still I think myself superior to such scandalous proceedings, and the time may arrive when you will look back with regret on these your base insults towards one who never harmed you.” She answered only with an imperative frown and left the room. We again promised never to be parted in this world, and retired. My mother soon returned, and after bestowing many a malediction on my head, she said, that should I ever be found in his company again, I should immediately quit my parental roof.

Painful as it is, I must inform the reader that my mother was a cold, unfeeling misanthrope—she was willful, and when she had once imbibed a hatred, it became her bosom associate; she was illiterate & totally unacquainted with all the subjects of Religion; riches was her sole aim, and her avaricious love for this world, frequently caused her to overlook every code of rectitude and truth; and after all I believe she tenderly loved me. My father was a man easily duped by her intrigues, and was therefore frequently led into the path of deviation and error. Time passed on, and frequent opportunities occurred of meetings between Edwin and myself, by the assistance of Henry and my sister Emma, whose kindness to me entitles them to the highest love of a fond bosom, and the warm effusions of a grateful heart.

Edwin growing weary of the frequent insults he received from my father and family, resolved on going to Buffalo; and after tarrying there one year, to return to Agadnacas and be married. This was in April, 1815. We kept up a letter of correspondence for some time, wherein he made me the most ardent protestations of love and marriage; until my mother found means to open one of my letters, which I had directed to Edwin, by which she learned that we were about to be married, in spite of her imperative mandates. Enraged at this, she and my father entered my room—the most direful vengeance was depicted on their countenances. After cursing me by their God, they bid me leave their house forever!—“Leave it,” said my father, “leave it in one hour and never enter it again—your life depends upon it.” It was in vain to expostulate. They were impregnable fixed in their resolutions. “It was in vain,” said my father, “to attempt any excuse—your crime is too great to be excused.”—It is not a crime,” returned I, “to love Edwin, since nature formed him so worthy of my affection; and if it be a crime, Heaven will absolve it, since it made me love.” “You have my orders,” said he, “quit with all speed my house forever,” and then retired. With tears in my eyes I

inquired of Henry what method I should pursue. He could not advise me, but promised to lend me all the assistance in his power. He helped me to some money, and then with a reluctant step, I left my father's house, and my once peaceful home forever. What pangs, O love, do thy votaries endure.

It was in the cold month of March, 1816, when I was exiled from my paternal home, to become a stranger and a wanderer among the world's unfeeling inhabitants. I was alone and unprotected—knew not where to go—for it seemed that the world had turned against me; I sought for comfort, but found it not. Filled with the most melancholy and portentous forebodings, I travelled on leisurely, until the stage overtook me, I ordered it to stop, and then stepped in to go—I knew not where. I now formed the design of travelling to Buffalo, where Edwin had been about 11 months, there to be united to him in the holy bands of matrimony. I rode on this line about 135 miles, when the stage proceeded another course, and I left it to pursue a direct road. I now formed a resolution of dressing myself as a man, and thus be secured from the insults wherewith I might be beset by the men. I communicated the secret to an old lady who promised to procure me my male habiliments, for which I was to pay her a considerable sum of money. Nine days were scarcely gone, when the old widow, whose name was Allen, brought me a suit of clothes direct from a tailor—and after trial, I found they fitted me exactly. I now had my hair undergo a fashionable crop, and by the assistance of a swathe or bandage drawn tight round my breasts, the old lady declared I made the appearance of a gentleman. I then put on my boots, and after giving the old lady the principal part of my female dress, together with my shoes, took my leave of her with a promise of her keeping the matter a profound secret.

As I passed on tremblingly, I feared that I should be recognised in the deception—but no suspicions were susceptible in any one I met, every one answering me with a how d'ye do, sir, which in some measure dispelled my fears. My boots felt somewhat disagreeable at first, as did also my neck handkerchief—but habit soon rendered them pleasing. I travelled on foot the first day, and though I used my utmost exertion, I found I had travelled no more than ten miles. When bedtime arrived, I was asked if I chose a bed by myself, or to sleep in company. “Alone, by all means,” said I. “Well,” said he, “you look too much like some pretty virgin to sleep with a man.” I answered with a smile, and turned my head from him to hide my blushes. The next day I had an opportunity of riding, and thus I travelled sometimes on foot, sometimes riding, until I arrived at Utica. After staying here about a fortnight I found a Mr. Smith who was going to Auburn, with whom I engaged a passage. On the road I wrote a letter to my brother Henry, and another also to my sister, informing them it was my intention to go to Buffalo to be married to Edwin, and then to return to Agadnacas.

We arrived at Auburn in a few days, and then continued my journey alone. I was now in a dreary, wooden country, without a single friend to soothe my troubled heart, which beat painfully against my agitated bosom. I travelled late that night in hopes of finding a tavern, but in vain. I was informed at the unseasonable hour of 9, that a distance of eight miles lay between me and a public house. I therefore entered an old log house, and begged entertainment for the night, which after some excuses was granted. I partook of a hearty supper, and was then conducted up an old ladder to my lodgings. He then gave me the lamp and said, “you must sleep here alone, and you must make the best of such poor lodging—most likely you gentlemen fare better when at home, but we poor folks have to make the best of what heaven sends us. And we must not repine,” continued he, with an ironical smile, “we must bear it with fortitude, although we should be visited with the worst of God's vengeance. But I have seen better days and I swear I will see them again at the risk of soul and body.” He concluded with a horrible oath, which made me tremble, and then left the room. I now surveyed the chamber, and found that in one part a large number of hens were roosted; in another lay old ploughs, broken chairs, &c. There was but one window, and I endeavored to find a board to stop the cold damps of the night from entering my room lest I should take cold, but the

search was fruitless, and I went to bed. I had not been in bed long when I heard the minister of the house say to his wife, that he must go to one of the neighbors on business and would return shortly. My bed, I must confess, was rather hard, but being very weary, sleep stole my senses from me, and locked my eyes in profound slumber. I was awakened about 12 o'clock by the door, which opened below and then closed with the utmost caution. By the footsteps and low whispering, there appeared to be at least three persons. I raised my head and could distinctly hear one of them say, “yes, he looks rich enough to carry two thousand dollars.” “Well, by heaven,” says another voice, “we will soon know how much money he carries.” “Then do your business well,” says the first voice—“give the fellow no chance to kick or hollow for fear it should wake my wife.” “Hush,” said a third voice, “it were dangerous to talk over our affairs in this loud manner—he may at this moment be awake and hear our conversation.” A general silence now ensued, and I had time to reflect that I was the subject of their horrid conference. Soon after I heard the door open and they all went out. I arose in haste, dressed myself, and went to the window where I found it impossible to jump out. I then went softly down below and concealed myself behind the ladder, in hopes that when they went into the chamber, I should have a chance of making my escape. My place of concealment was so situated that when they entered I could perceive every movement they made—and I trembled while seeing the fatal instrument of death in the hands of one of the atrocious assassins. He had a long butcher knife and a pail to receive the blood. The awful sight struck me with horror—I was petrified at the dreadful sight before me.—O God! that there should exist men so cruel. They concealed their candle beneath their cloaks, and then proceeded with silent steps up stairs. No sooner had they gone than I stole from my hiding place and made my escape through a broken window. I ran with all my might about two miles and then walked on till day-light; happy to think I had escaped their dreadful bloody hands.

Without meeting with any other object of consequence, I arrived at Buffalo—and after diligent search, came to the lodgings of Edwin, and engaged board at the same house. I thought it not proper to acquaint him who I was until I had gained from his conversation whether his love for Cordelia remained unshaken. Days we sauntered about the town, and nights we both slept in the same room. I had not been here a week before we had contracted a close and sympathetic affection for each other. He inquired my name. I told him it was John Davis. He questioned me from whence I came, where bound, &c. I gave evasive answers to the whole. He several times complimented me for my beauty, and said that nature had mistaken in my formation, that it had designed me for the fairer part of the creation; and as I was small of stature, he did not doubt but that if I would equip myself with female habiliments, I should be received as the most handsome of the fair sex. One evening he invited me to walk with him to a neighboring inn, where there was an assembly collected for youthful amusements. You will be well received by the young ladies, said he, and you must see some one home. In the evening I watched Edwin with the most scrutinizing eye of jealousy. I observed he paid particular attention to one Miss Eliza, and took her hand, as they retired, to wait on her home. I also accompanied a young lady. We talked of different subjects as we passed on, until I introduced a wish to spend the rest of the evening with her. She readily consented with a delicate Yes, Sir. I had now a difficult part to act. She seemed a lady of birth, and I feared that I should make some egregious blunder—having now the part of a man to act with my own sex. After a few idle discussions in which we neither had any interest, I inquired of her concerning Edwin. She spoke highly of his character and talents, dwelling with peculiar emphasis on his merit. I then felt a secret jealousy lurking in my breast through fear of being rivalled in my love. She then informed me that for some time past he had communicated all his secrets to her, and that now he was on the point of being married to Miss Eliza. “Married?” said I, forgetting entirely all my deception, “it is impossible; he has promised his hand to—” I had like to have said me—but recollecting my

erof where

THE OBSERVER.

Paris:

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 6, 1826.

OUR OWN AFFAIRS. As some few of our Subscribers are in arrears on our Books for the *Observer*, we shall in a short time forward to all such our Bills enclosed in their respective papers. We hope that they will pay immediate attention to this call, as it is the first one we have made to them; and our circumstances in the world are such that we cannot indulge them in "Delays," which "ARE DANGEROUS."

Another year has rolled away since we commenced the publication of the *OBSERVER*, and we now have the pleasure of presenting this number to our Subscribers in an improved appearance, if not in matter. Since we occupied the Editorial Chair, it has been our constant endeavor to pursue the course we at first marked out; and notwithstanding we have met with some troubles and difficulties, with some few threatenings, &c. yet we have journeyed thus far under much more favorable auspices than was at first anticipated by some of our warmest friends. Although it has not been our good fortune to please all, yet we have the satisfaction to believe that we have offended but few. We shall still endeavor to pursue the neutral course, without being under the control of any party or sect, either in politics or religion. Men who are candidates for public office, must expect to have their characters placed before their constituents—but we shall never admit any Communication into our columns of a slanderous nature, and writers will be held responsible for whatever they may publish respecting any candidate for office, where their character is called in question. It shall be our constant aim to "nothing extenuate or set down ought in malice"—neither neglect to publish truth to favor friends, nor falsehood to injure enemies. We hope that our friends and patrons will still continue their support, for which we hope always to feel grateful.

REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS. We have been frequently inquired of respecting the fate of the Bill before the late session of Congress, for the relief of this class of our fellow-citizens, and it has been with extreme regret that the only reply which has been in our power to give, must only serve to blight their hopes and add to the weight of their already accumulated sorrows. The failure of that Bill has broken the staff which has for some considerable time served to keep up the spirits of many, who fondly hoped that their country would yet remember their services and be willing to bestow upon them that boon which would serve to ease their burdens and make the rugged descent to the tomb a little more smooth. But alas! such expectations have only been born to die. They must linger out the already extended thread of their existence in poverty and distress, while many who are now living upon the bounty of their country, enjoying its smiles and favors, never lifted a finger for its defence, and perhaps would sooner flee than stand to face its enemies. The Day has just passed which we denominate our Anniversary—Fifty years have flown away since our beloved Country was called free and independent. Many times since 1776 has the "Old Soldier" been toasted at the festive board—Many times has he been praised for the invaluable services he has rendered his country. But what does it avail him, whose locks have already seen the frost of sixty winters—whose palsied hands can hardly lift the crust which cold charity reluctantly bestows upon him to eat—comfortless and alone. He was canonized in the song, while pain was preying on his frame—and while our ears were delighted with the harmonious sounds of music, his served only as the echo of his own sighs and groans! It must certainly, awake the feelings of any of us to behold the worn-out veteran dragging his wounded limbs over that soil he fought to rescue from the grasp of a foreign power—seeking as it were a spot where he might be allowed a little repose.

self from this generation, who have proved so ungrateful to him—for surely public gratitude is but a fiction; or at most, a name.

THE SEASON. The earth now appears dressed in her richest verdure, and the prospect of the farmer is cheering. Grain looks very promising. Corn is also forward—some of it in this vicinity is already in the silk, and bids fair to produce a good and early crop. Grass will generally yield rather a light crop—Some fields however will be very good. Perhaps it would be well not to cut it quite so early as usual.

We have had the pleasure to hear from most parts of the country, that the season now promises to yield an abundance, and the store-houses of the husbandman will be filled.

REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS. We have understood that the Hon. Enoch Lincoln Representative in Congress for this District, has sent in his resignation to the Governor and Council.

REGISTER OF DEEDS. We have noticed that Maj. John L. Eastman, of Fryeburg, has been put in nomination for Register of Deeds for the Western District in this County. We have been informed that he is a gentleman well qualified to discharge the duties of that office.

In the Eastern District we presume that ALANSON MELLE, Esq. the present incumbent, will be re-elected without opposition, as it is well known to all interested that he has discharged the duties of that office in a faithful and (we believe) satisfactory manner. The election is on the second Monday of September next.

MILITARY. At an election for the choice of Colonel of the 1st Reg. 1st Brig. and 6th Div. held at the Court-house in this village, on Thursday the 29th ultimo, Lieut. Col. John Millett, of Norway, was chosen to that office, in the room of Col. Henry R. Parsons, resigned. Maj. Samuel H. King, of Hebron, Lieut. Colonel, vice Millett promoted, and Capt. Richard T. Lurvey, of Woodstock, Major, vice King promoted.

ACCIDENT. On Tuesday last, several young men and boys collected together in this village to discharge a swivel in honor of Independence; while in the act of loading, the charge caught fire, and wounded a Mr. Henry Young, Hannibal Hamlin, John Willis, and a boy of Mrs. Whiteman—the first named young man dangerously the others were slightly injured.

LOTTERY NOTICE. The drawing of the Sullivan Bridge Lottery did not take place as was advertised by the Managers, on Thursday last, the 29th instant, owing as we understand to some Tickets being returned from Boston on the day previous to that on which the drawing was announced.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. BARTON—I observed in the last numbers of your paper, two extracts, one of which, draws the most unjust, and false inferences; and the other, though true, is calculated to have too much influence over the public mind; on which I propose to make a few remarks.

The writer of the first, (taken from the Richmond Enquirer,) begins by remarking, that "a man may be capable of writing an affecting Poem, or a powerful Essay, without having the necessary qualities for a Statesman;" then applying the remark to the present President of the United States; he grants him to be a man of extensive knowledge, and brilliant genius, yet denies his being a Statesman, and questions his being suitable to fill the Chair of State.

He triumphantly asks for the proofs of his statesman-like character. "Are we to look for it?" says he, "in the composition of his Cabinet?" in his appointment of Mr. King to London?

His Cabinet is composed of men whose Talents and Learning are exceeded by few, if any, in the Union; and whose characters are unimpeachable: though one of them, (Mr. Clay,) has of late been furiously assailed by men who know it is for their interest to put down the Secretary, and to build up another upon his ruins. As to his appointment of Mr. King as Minister to London, which he appears to censure, I can only say that he was appointed to the same office by the great Washington, who is almost universally allowed to have been a great Statesman and deserving man; and that he has since been frequently elected to the Senate of his country; and has been one of its most influential members.

He further asks: "Are we to trace it in his extraordinary Message—in its un-statesmanlike, oratorical style, his lightheartedness of the skies?" If the Message referred to is un-statesmanlike, I know not where to find one that is statesmanlike: and as to its being written in an "oratorical style it is the

first time that I ever heard it objected against any piece of writing; "that it was too eloquent." The Observatory which the President proposed building, must be very useful for Astronomical observation. He observed in his Message, that, "though every nation, and almost every city in Europe has one, yet there is not one to be found on the whole continent of America."—Are we so far behind the Europeans, that we cannot, also, afford to do something for the promotion of Astronomical knowledge?

Or, says he, are we to find it in the various stages of his splendid Panama Mission; his so strangely receding from the ground which he originally assumed with the Ministers of Mexico and Columbia; his committing himself to the South American States as to the questions which were to be discussed—When the President first received the invitation from the Ministers of Mexico and Columbia, to send Commissioners to the Congress of Panama; he gave them encouragement as to sending the commissioners; but mentioned that it would first be necessary to know what were to be the principal objects to be discussed at the Congress: he was answered, that from the nature of the subject it was impossible to tell what those objects would be; that they would be left at the discretion of the Congress:—but the objects which were most likely to occupy their attention were named. The President then consented to send the Commissioners.—This to be sure was changing his conduct: but not essentially.—And I hope it will be allowed that when a man finds he is insisting on that which time and circumstances will not permit, that a change of conduct is necessary.

It was not "committing himself to the South American States as to the questions to be discussed," for our Commissioners would not only have a part in deciding what questions should or should not be discussed, but if they found any subject coming before the Congress, which it was not proper for the United States to take a part in the discussion of, they could at any time withdraw themselves from the Congress.

The writer in the Enquirer finds fault with the President for asking the opinion of Congress concerning a question which he had power to settle without their consent; and asks if this is the course of a statesman.—I would ask the writer in the Enquirer, if he wishes the President to grasp the utmost stretch of power and proceed in all cases without knowing the opinion of the other branches of Government?—If he does it is not the wish of the nation; nor the course of an honest and upright statesman.

The fact of the President's son having purchased a billiard table together with chessmen and a few other such articles, is, I think, of much less importance than you would make it. It is undoubtedly the custom in most of the fine houses to the southward to have such instruments for the use of visitors who choose to spend time in that way; and it will not do at all to have the house of a private gentleman better furnished than the house of our President. And if the President himself was to play a game of chess occasionally when he had leisure, it would be no worse than to take a walk in the street, or a nap in the afternoon which (great crime) we are all guilty of.

The money made use of for the purchase of those articles was given to the President to furnish his house with as he pleased, and he may as well buy a billiard table as any other ornamental furniture.

But there are many who are glad to notice such little circumstances, and to paint them in the most glowing colors, in order to deceive the public mind, and prejudice it against the present administration; for it cannot be denied that there are men in the Union, who having opposed the election of the present President, are determined at all events to oppose his administration. I say it cannot be denied, for it is little better than acknowledged by some of the members of the opposition; one of whom said, that those who were in favor of the election of Mr. Adams, would of course support his administration;—the reverse holds equally true; and even more so; for judging others by yourself is said to be the most righteous judgment. Even the writer in the Enquirer observes, that the extravagant doctrines of Mr. Adams were put forth as if to offend the prejudices of a portion of the people who were honestly disposed to judge him by his acts.—What is this but acknowledging that there was a portion of the people who were not disposed to judge him by his acts.

For my own part I can have but a poor opinion of public men who are influenced so much by party spirit, or self interest, as to be predetermined to condemn the administration, whether good or bad.

TITUS.

* The late duel in which Mr. Clay was engaged is a stain upon his character in the opinion of New-Englanders; but it is a failing which is very common among our southern great men.—Let him not be censured by the Crawfordites, who so zealously supported a man for the President, that had been engaged in three duels to Clay's one.

G. C. LYFORD,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends in Paris and vicinity; that he now occupies a Store in Middle-street, near the BANK OF PORTLAND, where he has for sale a COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

EUROPEAN, INDIA & AMERICAN GOODS.

—AMONG WHICH ARE—

Blue, Black, Olive, Claret, Drab, & Mix'd BROADCLOTHS.—Blue, Black, Mix'd, and Fancy colored CASSIMERES.—Black LASTINGS.—Black & Drab DENMARK SATINS.—Black CIRCASSIANS.—LAFAYETTE STRIPES.—Striped JEANS.—Black Twilled BOMBAZETTS.—White JEANS and DRILLINGS.—CASSINETTS and SATINETTS, for Gentlemen's wear.—Valentia, Toilett, Marseilles and Black Silk VESTINGS.—3-4 & 5-4 London jet black BOMBAZINES.—Black & colored CANTON CRAPES.—Black & colored CRAPE DRESSES.—Grecian SILK DRESSES.—Black, colored & shaded Gros de Naples SILKS.—Striped and Plaid SILKS.—Black & colored LEVANTINES.—Black LUSTRINGS and SARNETTS.—Blue, Pink, and Straw FLORENCES.—Fancy Silk, Gauze, & Barage HANDKERCHIEFS.—Elegant BAPTISTE SCARFS.—White and Crimson Ray Silk MANTLES, very low.—Valentia MANTLES and SHAWLS.—a great variety of BONNET RIBBONS.—Tuck'd & Flounc'd MUSLIN GOWN PATTERNS.—Plain and figured CAMBRIC MUSLINS.—Sew'd MUSLINS.—Plain & figured Mull and Swiss MUSLINS.—Plain & figured Book MUSLINS.—Plain, corded, check'd & figured CAMBRICS.—LINEN CAMBRICS and Linen Cambric HANDKERCHIEFS.—Imitation Cambrics and Handkerchiefs.—fine assortment Thread, Bobbinet & Mecklin LACES.—4-4 Bobbinet LACES for Veils.—Black and white Rich LACE VEILS.—Gauze VEILS.—Black, white & colored Kid & Horsekin GLOVES.—Black & white Silk GLOVES.—Gentlemen's Beaver, Doe, & black Kid GLOVES.—Gentlemen's Cotton and Worsted HALF HOSE.—Ladies' black & slate Worsted; and white & slate Cotton HOSE.—PINK GINGHAMS.—Gingham Gown PATTERNS.—Blue & color'd AMERICAN CALICOES.—Fine and common DIMITIES.—A great variety of BRITISH CALICOES from 12 1-2 to 37 1-2 cents per yard.—Fine assortment of COPERPLATES and FURNITURES from 12 1-2 to 30 cents per yard.—Swiss Muslin HANDKERCHIEFS.—Flag, Bandanna, and Black Silk HANDKERCHIEFS.—White, spotted, check'd, and striped CRAVATS.—Brown and Black LINENS.—Irish LINENS and LOW LAINES.—6-4, 7-4, 8-4, & 9-4 LINEN DAMASKS.—Plaid TABLE CLOTHS.—RUSSIA DIAPERS.—UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS.—Paper and Bonneted FANS.—Sewing SILKS.—TWIST.—BUTTONS, &c. &c. &c.

—ALSO—

Brown and Bleach'd Common SHEETINGS and SHIRTINGS.—Fine and Superfine Sea Island SHIRTINGS.—GINGHAMS, STRIPES and CHECKS.—30 Pieces BEDTICKINGS, from 17 cents to 37 1-2 cents per yard.—First Quality WARP YARNS.—KNITTING & SEWING COTTONS, &c. &c.

—LIKEWISE—

Received this week, One Case more Elegant BOLIVAR & GYPSEY.

LEGHORN BONNETS,

which, together with those before on hand, comprise the best assortment of LEGHORNs ever before offered in this town.

N. B.—As nearly all of the above Goods are very recently purchased and very many of them at Auction, they are offered at extremely low prices for Cash.—

PORTLAND, JUNE 22, 1825. epis6w 104

Married.

In Kingfield, Mr. Samuel Drummond of New Portland, to Miss Sarah McKenney. At the Fayette County Poor House, (Maryland,) John Christian, the blind Almanac seller, aged 75 years, to Nelly Palmer, aged 64—both paupers.

Died.

In Oxford, (Mass.) Col. Sylvanus Learned, aged 66. In Burlington, (N. J.) William Griffith, Esq. aged 60—Clerk of the Supreme Court of the United States. In Weld, on the 13th ult. of consumption, Miss Helen Maria, daughter of Col. T. S. Estabrook, of Brunswick, aged 17.

TICKETS

IN the Sullivan Bridge Lottery, for sale at the Oxford Bookstore. This Lottery will probably draw shortly, and adventurers should not loose a single day lest it might be too late. Paris, July 6.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform and invite his Customers and the public, that he still calculates to carry on the Cloth Dressing Business at his former Stand, at Biscoe's FALLS, so called—and has engaged Samuel Stowell as a workman, whom he has employed for two years past, and is well known amongst his customers to be one of the best Clothiers in the country. He therefore calculates to dress Cloth as cheap as any one in the State—and he warrants to give as good satisfaction.—All damages fully paid. Business will be despatched at as short notice as possible. ALDEN FULLER. Paris, July 5, 1826. 105

WANTED,

A GOOD MAN with a yoke of OXEN, to assist in Haying,—to begin about the twentieth of the present month, to whom good wages in cash will be paid. MARY STAPLES. Paris, July 5. 105

List of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Paris, July 1st, 1826.

William Cotton—Isaac Cummings—Timothy Chase—Levi Closson—Ebenezer Daniels—Eleazer Dunham—Eliphalet Davis—James Deering—Elijah Foilly—Richard W. Houghton—John G. Hawkes—Earl—Joseph Lindsey—Daniel Pond—Joseph Penley—Sally P. Peterson—Henry R. Parsons—Simon Perkins—Simson Pond—Nathaniel Russell—Stephen Robinson—Joel Robinson, 2—Daniel Ricker—William Ryerson—Mary Stevens—William C. Witham.

RUSSELL HUBBARD, Postmaster.

Commissioners' Notice.

WE the subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the Claims of the several creditors to the Estate of LEVI PEIRCE, Jr. late of Hebron, in said County, Yeoman, deceased, represented insolvent, do hereby give notice, that six months from the thirtieth day of June instant, are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their Claims; and that we shall attend that service at the Dwelling-House of JAMES DONHAM, in said Hebron, on the first MONDAY of August, October, and November, from one to five o'clock, in the afternoon of each day. JAMES DONHAM, EBENEZER DONHAM. Hebron, June 27, 1826. 105

ASA BARTON, AGENT.

HAS for sale, in addition to the Goods usually kept by him, COTTON, at 18 cents per pound—Souchong TEA, at 62 1-2 cents—COFFEE, at 20 cents—ALLSPICE—PEPPER—GLOVES—STARCHES—GINGER—CINNAMON—STARCHE, &c. all of good quality and cheap. Also—good RAKES, at 20 cents. July 6.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale LANDS, of excellent quality in the townships Letter B. and Letter C. in the County of Oxford. Through Letter B. the road passes, which is known as the Coos Road. In this township there is a good Sawmill and a good Gristmill. The land is of superior quality—and will be sold to actual settlers on reasonable terms. Through Letter C. a road was granted the last Session, and will immediately offer to settlers a great accommodation in their access to the township; and in future, a sure convenience in the transport of their produce.

Through both of these townships new roads are to be made this fall, and purchasers of land will have a good opportunity of paying for the same in contracts for a part or the whole of these roads.

The subscriber would further suggest that purchasers of 500 acres, in lots which shall be of average quality of the land, may be selected in either of these townships, on very moderate terms.—And should purchasers sufficient offer to contract for the making of these roads, the subscriber if applied to, will be ready to enter into the necessary contracts. For information of the quality of the lands and terms of settlement, application is to be made to SYLVANUS POOR, Esq. of Andover: and for sales of 500 acre lots, or larger quantity, and for the contracts for the roads, please apply to the subscriber at Hallowell.

CHARLES VAUGHAN, 4th July, 1826. 6w 105

Collector's Notice...GREENWOOD.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Non-Resident Proprietors and Owners of land in the town of Greenwood, lying in the north part of said town, formerly known by the name of Raymond's Grant—and in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the Bills committed to me the subscriber, Collector of said town, to collect for the years 1824 and 1825, in the respective sums following, viz:

No. of Lots.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Taxes for 1824.	Taxes for 1825.	Total.
1	100	53 00	0 90	1 02	2 92
2	100	53 00	0 99	1 02	2 92
3	50	26 00	0 34	0 96	1 30
4	100	53 00	0 90	0 96	1 86
5	100	53 00	0 90	1 02	2 82
6	80	42 00	0 76	1 02	2 36
7	100	53 00	0 90	1 02	2 82
8	100	53 00	0 90	1 02	2 82
9	75	39 00	0 64	1 02	2 54
10	66	35 00	0 56	1 23	1 84
11	9	66 00	0 05	0 85	0 90

The following Lots formerly taxed to Capt. Roger Merrill—taxes on said Lot for the year 1824, 5 6 100 80 00 1 02 1 26 2 23 Gld. Swan, 14 9 66 50 00 0 05 0 85 1824, unk'n. And unless said Taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before Tuesday the third day of October next, so much of said land as will discharge the same, will then be sold at Public Auction, at the Store of Enoch Conant, in said town of Greenwood, on said day, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. JOHN SMALL, Collector of Taxes in said town. Greenwood, June 12th, A. D. 1826. 105

NOTICE.

THE subscriber, about to alter his line of business, requests all those who are indebted to him, either by Note or Account, to make immediate payment, as he is determined to collect what is due him without delay. HENRY R. PARSONS. Paris, June 15, 1826. 6w 102

THE BOWER.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

EARLY RISING.

Before the sun has shed one ray—
As darkness kindles into day
Along the rosy east,
I love to rise and hail the morn—
My drowsy couch forsake,
While dew-drops glisten on the thorn,
To view the glowing streak,
And quaff the balmy feast.

I love to hear the warblers sing
In plaintive notes—as softly ring
Their songs along the air:
If nought but this enticed me forth,
I'd gladly leave my bed—
Not sounds of joy and social mirth
More lightly raise my head,
Than when these songs I hear.

I love to see the distant steep
First ting'd with red as shunshine peeps
From o'er the eastern hills:
All nature blossoms into life—
Before the rising sun—
Sweet morning echoes far away,
Re-echoes to the run
Of brooks and purring rills.

Of all the hours the day is blest—
Morn's earliest hours suit me the best—
Most pleasing to my taste;
And is it not a shame and more
To give these precious hours—
The sweetest of the twenty-four
To pleasure our sleepy powers,
And thus our moments waste?

Is not the blooming rosy cheek
The sparkling eye and form so sleek
Increases'd in beauty thus?
Yes, health and cheerfulness reside
With those who early rise—
Beauty's increase'd our boast and pride
By being thus precise,
And even so the purse.

Enough for those who live in town
And there repose on beds of down
To waste their morning hours:
But shall we loiter on beds of ease
And hope to be forgiven?
Can we our Maker hope to please,
And hope to reach his heav'n
With such dull lazy powers?

Let those who never saw the good
Of rising early as they should
Just try this practice o'er;
Would blooming youth or with'ring age
Wish to escape one pain;
The poet, scholar or the sage
Hope to one laurel gain—
The feeble sigh no more—

Let them but view the rising sun,
To see his daily course begun
And taste the enlivening air;
Let them repose in slough no more
These precious hours of day;
But rise at sunrise or before—
Their morning tribute pay,
And for the day prepare.

EDWIN.

From the Whip and Banner.

Love's a cheat, we ever rate it
A flattering, false, deceitful joy;
A very nothing can create it,
A very nothing can destroy.

The lightning's flash, which wandering leaves
Obscure'd and darker than before;
The glow worm's tinsel which deceives us,
Love is just like, and nothing more.

DELLA.

THE OLIO.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

THE IDLE MAN.....NO. 1.

Saturday, June 24, 1826.
The first difficulty attending a periodical writer is, an appropriate title; the next is, to choose subjects which have not grown stale by being too often treated upon; the next is, to treat them in a manner which shall display so much of novelty, as to enable him to escape the charge of plagiarism; the next is—but there is another next to that, and so on ad infinitum.

In enumerating the embarrassments attendant on my present undertaking, I have omitted one, and also unconsciously escaped it—the difficulty of making a beginning.

I am one of those beings whom the world calls idle. Not that I am absolutely given up to a lazy, indolent disposition; on the contrary, when I am at home I pass for a very smart fellow; but the truth is, I have got a trick of meddling with other people's business, which I think I can manage much better than my own. The reasons of my getting into this way are simply these—

My good-natured neighbors have for a long time manifested a laudable curiosity respecting my affairs, and with real disinterested feelings have undertaken to direct them without any recompense but the consciousness of their own benevolence.—So I can do no less in return, than to pay some slight attention to the affairs of those who are so kind and obliging to me. Having no cares of my own to vex me, and being of an easy disposition, I am called idle. Yet the concerns of others occupy so large a portion of my time, that I am quite as busy as other people. When any one of my friends gets into difficulty, I consider myself as immediately called upon, and pay him a visit accordingly.—Inquire into the cause of his troubles, tell him of a thousand ways in which he might have managed differently, and convince him beyond all doubt, that a different course would have produced very different results. In short, like all idlers, I am a notorious busy-body, and the object of my present communication is to inform my good friends, the public, that the sphere of my labors has been hitherto more confined than I could wish, and with your leave, Mr. Editor, as often as I feel disposed and the necessity of the

times require, I shall direct the good people, your readers, how to manage their concerns in the best manner and with the least difficulty.—Should any one suppose that he is competent to attend to his own affairs, he is an arrant coxcomb, and if he has a spark of reason about him, he will be convinced of it. Let him reflect a moment how much wiser he is upon other people's business than his own—how much clearer he can see his way through difficulties which molest his neighbors than those that trouble his own repose, and then confess that there may be those who are as knowing about his affairs as he is about theirs.

I have before said that I have no cares to disturb my complacency. My friends have kindly taken all that business off my hands. Being left free to follow my own inclination, I know of no act which I can do more pleasing to myself or more grateful to my friends than endeavoring to make them some suitable returns for their disinterestedness in my behalf, and if they do not shortly grow wiser and better, it shall not be for any fault of mine.

In return for my laudable undertaking, I ask only one favor of those who are to reap the benefit of my labors; and that is, to transmit to the IDLE MAN an account of their particular grievances—how they get entangled in difficulty—and leave the rest to him who will take their several cases into consideration, compare their aspects with his former observations, and inform them in a trice how they are to escape their evil consequences.

It is my intention, that my numbers in general shall be composed of short paragraphs, on various subjects. This will enable me to express my ideas on any chosen topic, without always borrowing from others after my own stock is exhausted, and consequently, to avoid the disagreeable, though very common practice of saying a great deal about nothing.

A Clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon, which one of his auditors commended.—“Yes,” said a gentleman to whom it was mentioned, “it was a good sermon, but he stole it.” This was told to the preacher: he resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract what he said. “I am not,” replied the aggressor, “very apt to retract my words, but in this instance I will; I said you had stolen the sermon—I found I was wrong; for on returning home, and referring to the book wherein I thought it was taken, I found it there.”

FOOTE'S LAMENESS. A gentleman with whom he was intimate, happened in the course of conversation to say something in jest about a lame leg. Foote replied, “Pray, sir, make no allusions to my weakest part; did I ever attack your head?”

Too CIVIL BY HALF. A learned Irish Judge, among other peculiarities, has a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. On his circuit a short time since, his favorite expression was employed in a singular manner. At the close of the Assize, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the Court reminded him, that he had not passed sentence of death on one of the criminals as he had intended.—“Dear me!” said his Lordship, “I really beg his pardon—bring him in.”

THE SHOEMAKER. A shoemaker, who could get no employment at his trade, lately went to work for a pump-borer: an old acquaintance passing by the shop, where the son of Crispin was busily engaged at work, asked him, “Why, friend, I thought you were a maker of shoes, how came you to quit?” “Why,” replied Crispin, “I could get no employment at making shoes, so I turned to making puppets.”

USEFUL.

ELDER. (Sambucus, Linn.)

The virtues of this shrub, which is found in abundance in our fields, and is now in full bloom, are not sufficiently known among us. In continental Europe it is valued and used with success in many diseases. Chaptal, Parmentier, and others, in their admirable dictionary of natural history, applied to the arts and to rural and domestic economy, say, that from Hippocrates down to the present day it has been employed in medicine, and its virtues and properties unequivocally confirmed by time and experience.

Its flowers are resolute, anodyne and emollient. Infused and drank like tea, they provoke and establish perspiration in certain fevers, colds, and catarrhs; fried with eggs they are an agreeable purge; applied as a fomentation in cases of erysipelas, they reduce the heat and irritation, and prove excellent in all disorders of the skin.—Warmed and applied to the forehead and temples they cure the megrim. They are used in a vapor bath for swollen legs, particularly in the dropsy, in which disorder the berries, inner bark, and roots of this plant are used with great effect as a diuretic and purgative.—From the berries a rob or thick juice is extracted, which is given with success in bowel complaints, and in the dysentery.

The flowers give a fine perfume to vinegar, and to wine the flavor of muscat; apples when laid on a bed of these flowers when dried, and then confined from the air, acquire an exquisite taste. A decoction of its berries dyes linen when passed through alum water, of a green brown color; and excellent brandy can be distilled from them.

An English farmer in the county of Devonshire, in a season when the whole

of the vegetation in his neighborhood had been destroyed by caterpillars, grasshoppers, and other insects, observed that the Elder remained untouched, in full health and vigor; this induced him to make an experiment which was attended with perfect success. With boughs of the Elder tied together he went over his grounds whipping and brushing gently his cabbage plants, turnips, and even wheat, which drove off all the insects, who never returned.—He then tried the same operation on his fruit trees with equal effect. Since this discovery has been made known, some boil the branches and leaves of this plant in water, and then sprinkle this decoction over young plants, which is said to preserve them effectually from destruction by insects. A particular account of this experiment was communicated many years ago to the Royal Society, by Christopher Gullet.

The leaves and flowers of this plant when sprinkled with molasses, and laid in places infested by cockroaches and ants, will drive them off. Nat. Int.

SHARPENING SCYTHES.

It is customary in many places to use a thin piece of board with a sort of handle, the blade covered with sand or some other substance for the purpose of sharpening scythes in the field. It is commonly called a rifle. Take your rifle and scrape off the sand—grease it well and then rub on a small quantity of the white oxide of tin commonly called flour of putty. An ounce of it may be had at the druggists for a very small sum, and it is believed to be the best substance for scythes that has yet been discovered. It is frequently made from the dross of a mixture of block tin and lead and may be had of the pewterers. It has been used in some parts of the country forty or fifty years, but the fact is not generally known. Hart. Mer.

In the middle states, where grass crops have failed, it is recommended to sow corn, broadcast, (as wheat is sown), on a few acres of land well ploughed, about two bushels to the acre. This will make fine pasturage for cattle, and enable the farmer to save his hay for the market.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

Mr. A. Hannum, a respectable citizen of Chester, (Pa.) has discovered a sovereign remedy for the expulsion of Worms from children; the remedy is simple and one that can be obtained at all seasons of the year. The following are a few of the particulars as related to us. He says, while several of his children were going to their grandmother's in April last, on a visit, they for amusement, took from the limbs or twigs of the Cedar trees, what is generally called the Cedar Apple or Knot. One of them who had been always very much afflicted with worms, since the age of two years old (now between six and seven) and every thing had been done for her in the power of a skilful physician for their expulsion, but all to no effect, and was in a very delicate state of health, eat several of the Apples—the consequence was, that several Worms were expelled from her—the remedy was again administered, and in twelve hours three hundred and upwards came from her. Mr. H. to be satisfied as to its efficacy gave the Apples to five of his children, who were in good health—it had the same effect as upon the first—he also eat several of the apples himself, and the effect was the same. Thus through the medium of mere chance, perhaps one of the best remedies, and the most simple, has been discovered. Mr. H. makes the above public with a view to benefit his fellow citizens, an act in our opinion truly praiseworthy and magnanimous.—He recommends to those who feel disposed to try the experiment, that the apples should be eaten nine mornings in succession fasting—if dry to be pounded fine, and taken in molasses, or eat them just as they come from off the tree. At this season of the year, the Apple or Knot is to be found in great abundance on the Cedar trees. Upland Union.

NEW EMETIC.

It cannot be too generally known, that the best that can be administered to persons who have taken poison, in causing its ejection from the stomach, is a strong mixture of soap and water, given in as large quantities as possible. Bust. Palladium.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

We have heard of a whimsical old man in West Bridgewater, not very bright in his faculties, who had, for a great number of years, made a point of collecting and preserving Almanacs, and pondering over them. When told the year and day of the month when any person was born, he would instantly tell the day of the week. He was also in many respects a curious chronologer. Ib.

EFFECTS OF INTemperance. Perhaps there is no vice which leads to more frequent or dreadful crimes than intemperance. Under the partial influence of the intoxicating draught Mr. Samuel Perry, a merchant of Herkimer county, N. Y. murdered his wife in the most shocking manner, by cutting her throat with a pocketknife. His wife sustained a virtuous, modest, excellent character, and had borne him five children.

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

Oxford, ss.
PURSUANT to Warrants from JAMES THOMAS, Esq. Treasurer of the State of Maine, to me directed against the following townships of unimproved Land, situated in the County of Oxford, for the following State Tax, for the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five, viz:

Township No. 2, Second Range,	\$ 2
“ No. 2, third “	5 67
“ No. 4, fourth “	5 67
“ No. 2, letter A,	7 26

I hereby give notice that unless said Taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, so much of the Townships of Land will be sold at Public Auction, at the Court House in Paris, on Monday the thirty-first day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, as will be necessary to pay the same respectively.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Oxford, ss.
TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Auction, at the Store of O. N. W. Robinson, in Bethel, in said County, on Saturday the twenty-ninth day of July next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title and interest which GEORGE W. CALTON has in and to redeem fifty acres of Land, being the south half of the Lot numbered twenty-eight in the third range of lots in said Bethel.—The said Land is subject to a mortgage to ORIS GROVER and JERADIAH GROVER, Jr. for the payment of the principal sum of about twenty-five dollars and the interest thereon for about two years.

SILVANUS TWITCHELL, Dep. Sheriff.
Bethel, June 26th, 1826. 104

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Oxford, ss.
TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Auction, at the Store of O. N. W. Robinson, in Bethel, in said County, on Saturday the twenty-ninth day of July next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title and interest which LONGLEY ROGERS has by virtue of a lease from ORIS GROVER, for the term of five years, (one year of which has expired,) in and to a certain Buck Yard, situated on the Farm of the said Grover, in said Bethel, with the use of all the Clay on said Farm, and the privilege of ingress and egress, for the purpose of improving and working the same.

SILVANUS TWITCHELL, Dep. Sheriff.
Bethel, June 26th, 1826. 104

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the thirtieth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

ON the Petition of NATHANIEL STONE, Administrator of the estate of CORNELIUS STONE, late of Watertown, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts of which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of eleven hundred and thirty-three dollars and nineteen cents—and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the Real Estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges: ORDERED—That the Petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this Order to be published in the Oxford Observer, printed in Paris, in said County, and in the Columbian Centinel, printed in Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Livermore, in said County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of September next, at ten of the clock A. M. and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

BENJ. CHANDLER, Judge of said Court.
A true Copy:
Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

To the Hon. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge of Probate, within and for the County of Oxford.

THE subscriber, Administrator de bonis non, on the Estate of LUTHER PRATT, late of Paris, deceased, respectfully represents, that the former Administrator on said Estate, represented the same as insolvent and insufficient to pay the debts of said deceased—that the claims against said Estate, as reported by the Commissioners, at a Probate Court holden for said County, on the 14th day of October, 1823, amounted to the sum of four hundred seventy dollars and twenty-five cents—that at a Probate Court holden for said County, on the 24th day of January, 1826, your Petitioner was licensed to sell and convey so much of the Real Estate of said deceased as would produce the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars, for the payment of the just debts of said deceased, charges of administration and incidental charges.—Said Administrator further represents, that the interest on the amount of claims as reported as aforesaid, from the acceptance of said report to the present time, amounts to seventy-five dollars and twenty-three cents—which sum added to the amount of claims as aforesaid, amounts to five hundred and forty-five dollars and forty-eight cents.—Said Administrator further represents, that there is Real Estate remaining not administered upon, and that the assets in his hands, in his capacity as aforesaid, are insufficient to pay the amount of claims and interest thereon, by the sum of fifty-two dollars and ninety-three cents.—He therefore prays, that he may be further licensed to sell and convey so much of said Real Estate remaining as aforesaid, as will produce the said sum of fifty-two dollars and ninety-three cents, for the payment of said claims and the interest thereon, and the incidental charges.

THOMAS CLARK.
Paris, June 13, 1826.

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of June, A. D. 1826—

Upon the foregoing Petition, ORDERED, That the Petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of said Petition with this Order thereon, to be published in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy of the Petition and Order of Court thereon.
Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the thirtieth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

JOSHUA SMITH, Executor of the last Will and Testament of JOSHUA SMITH, late of Paris, deceased, having presented his last account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy:
Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the thirtieth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

JOHN BRIGGS, Jr. Administrator on the estate of ELIAS STURTEVANT, late of Sumner, Esq. deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy:
Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the thirtieth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

JOSEPH FLETCHER, Guardian to the heirs of WILLIAM THOMAS, late of North-Yarmouth, having presented his first account of Guardianship of the estate of said wards:

ORDERED—That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy:
Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the thirtieth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

STEPHEN HOLT, Administrator on the estate of ASA HOLT, late of Weld, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield, in said County, on the thirteenth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy:
Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the thirtieth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

JOSEPH SOULE, of Hartford, named Executor in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of ELIAS SOULE, late of Hartford, in said County, deceased, having presented the same for probate:

ORDERED—That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Canton, in said County, on the fourteenth day of September next, at three of the clock in the afternoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy:
Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the thirtieth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

ON the Petition of REBECCA P. LY, FRANCIS LYFORD, 2d, late of Livermore, in said County, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of one hundred dollars, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED—That the Petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this Order to be published in the Oxford Observer, printed in Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Livermore, in said County, on the fourteenth day of September next, at ten of the clock A. M. and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

BENJ. CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy:
Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

The Observer

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